Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
(*Cornets. a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)
I am not there, oh better never borne
Then miniſter to ſuch harme, what is the chance?
Enter Servant.

Ser. The Crie's a *Palamon.*
Emil. Then he has won: Twas ever likely,
He lookd all grace and ſucceſſe, and he is
Doubtleſſe the prim'ſt of men: I pre'thee run
And tell me how it goes.
Showt, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.
Ser. Still *Palamon.*
Emil. Run and enquire, poore Servant thou haſt loſt,
Vpon my right ſide ſtill I wore thy picture,
Palamons on the left, why ſo, I know not,
I had no end in't; elſe chance would have it ſo.
Another cry, and ſhowt within, and Cornets.
On the ſiniſter ſide, the heart lyes; *Palamon*
Had the beſt boding chance: This burſt of clamour
Is ſure th'end o'th Combat. *Enter Servant.*
Ser. They ſaide that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry
Was generall a *Palamon*: But anon,
Th'Aſſiſtants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this inſtant are
Hand to hand at it.
Emil. Were they metamorphiſd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth ſo compoſd a Man: their ſingle ſhare,
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives
The prejudice of diſparity values ſhortnes
Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.
To any Lady breathing——— More exulting?
Palamon ſtill?
Ser. Nay, now the ſound is *Arcite.*
Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.
Cornets.

Cornets. a great ſhowt an
Set both thine eares to'th buſin
Ser. The cry is
Arcite, and victory, harke *Arc*
The Combats conſummation is
By the wind Inſtruments.
Emil. Halfe ſights ſaw
That *Arcite* was no babe: go
And coſtlines of ſpirit look't th
No more be hid in him, then fi
Then humble banckes can goe t
That drift windes, force to rag
Good *Palamon* would miſcarr
Why I did thinke ſo; Our reaſ
When oft our fancies are: They
Alas poore *Palamon.*
Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Pirit
attendants, &c.
Theſ. Lo, where our Siſter i
Yet quaking, and unſetled: Fai
The gods by their divine arbitr
Have given you this Knight, h
As ever ſtrooke at head: Give
Receive you her, you him, be p
A love that growes, as you deca
Arcite. Emily,
To buy you, I have loſt what's
Save what is bought, and yet I
As I doe rate your value.
Theſ. O loved Siſter,
He ſpeakes now of as brave a K
Did ſpur a noble Steed: Surel
Would have him die a Batchel
Should ſhew i'th world too go
So charmd me, that me though
To him a ſow of lead: if I cou
Each part of him to'th all; I ha
Did not looſe by't; For he tha

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